" the limit." To me, indeed, it seemed " the limit "— of the industry, energy, and enterprise of man. In 1812 this vast city was only a frontier past—Fort Dearborn. In 1871 the town that first rose on these great plains was burned to the ground The growth of the present Chicago began when I was a grown woman. I have celebrated my jubilee. Chicago will not do that for another fifteen years!

I never visited the stock-yards. Somehow I had no curiosity to see a live pig turned in fifteen minutes into ham, sausages, hair-oil, and the binding for a Bible ! I had some dread of being made sad by the spectacle of so much slaughter—of hating the Chicago of the " abattoir " as much as I had loved the Chicago rof the Lake with the white buildings of the World's Fair shining on it, the Chicago built on piles in splendid isolation in the middle of the prairie, the Chicago of Marshall Field's beautiful palace of a store, the Chicago of niy dear friends, the Chicago of my son's first appearance on the stage ! Was it not a Chicago man who wrote of my boy, tending the roses in the stage garden in " Eugene Aram," that he was " a most beautiful lad " !

'* His eyes axe full of sparkle, Ms smile is a ripple over his face, and Ms laugh is as cheery and natural as a bird's song. . . . This Joey is Miss Ellen Terry's son, and the apple of her eye. On this Wednesday night, January 14, 1885, he spoke his first lines upon the stage. His mother has Mgh hopes of this child's dramatic, future. He hsis the instinct and the soul of art .in him. , Steady the

theatre is Ms home. His postures and his playf ulaess with the gardener, his natural and graceful movements, had been the subject of much drilling, of study and practice. He acquitted himself beautifully and received the -wise congratulations of his mother, of Mr. Irving, and of the company."